Numb. 8

The Engliſh LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Diſcoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Paſſages, and Remarkable Tranſactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From *Feb.* the 21ſt. to *Feb.* the 28th, Froth the Tapſters Birth-day, 1698.

From my Lodgings, Feb. 22.

ALlmoſt Suffocated with the Groſſy Vapours of the Sooty City, this Morning (for the conveniency of Sweet Air, the wholſome Breezes that uſher *Sol's* glorious Riſing) I turn'd out as Early as the *Lark*. By that time the *Sun* had beſpangl'd the *Meads* with her *Gilded Rays*, I was got as far as *Edmonton* Church; where, as I ſtood muſing whither or no I ſhould proceed, at one and the ſame time a *Hackney-Coach* and a *Muck-tumbrel* met, which occaſion'd a ſtand of the latter, whilſt the former lighted his fair, a curious, fine, Spruce Blade (Bever, Peruke, Cravat, Sword; from top to toe in the richeſt Dreſs of the neweſt Mode) with a Brace of tender Laſſes ſcarce enter'd their *Teens*, by their carriage and Garb, darlings of ſome wealthy Citizen. Ruſtick *Hodge*, who drove the Cart, had no ſooner ſet his Eyes on the Flaunting *Beaux*, but immediately he ſteps up to him, and (without ſo much as doffing his Hat) thus Saluted him, *Adzooks* Ralph *I'me hearty glad to zee thee zo vine with thy zilk and zilver; chez zure thy old Dad will be glad to hear of it*: *But what do yow think, yowr Ziſter* Doll *has Marry'd* Dick *the Miller, an honeſt vellow ſwaith, tho' ſome volks Zay he's a vool.* The fine Sprucify'd Spark (more ſcar'd than Bully *Dawſon* with cuſtard pellets) would fain have ſhook his unwellcome Neighbour off, but could not, for country *Hick*, holding him faſt by the Hand, continu'd his Tale, *I Zwear youre Mother zent 'om all things vitting; and the Londlord* too, *it's zaid, as a vavor, zent 'om the Bay Nagg to hie to Church on.* The young Gentlewomen hearing theſe courſe Compliments, Return'd back into their Coach; and then (after two or three Hard words for his Villany, in endeavouring to betray a Harmleſs Maid to Miſery, under the notion of a perſon of Quality, for they were to have knit the *Matrimonal Nooze* that Morning) poſted away like Lightening, whilſt the unfortunate *Inamorato*, Swearing like a cut-throat, was forc'd to trot a foot after 'em. After this I ſtepp'd up to the Country-Man, and ask'd him, *whither he knew the* Sparkiſh *Blade*, he anſwear'd *he did*; withal adding, *that his Father was an honeſt Country-Butcher, and that he himſelf was, ſome three Years ſince, bound Prentice to a Tripe-man in* London, *whom he over-run; and then, after ſome ſculking about* Town, at *length got to be Page to a perſon of Quality*--I was wonderfully well pleas'd with the Adventure, and proceeded in my walk ſo far, that it was late at Night ere *I* returned back; nor did *I* meet with any other Tranſactions worth relating, till *I* came to the Pump within *Biſhops-gate*, where a croud of People were ſurrounding alittle Bawling Boy, of about 6 or 7 years old: Enquiring the occaſion, *I* was told the Boy, being ſent with a Bundel of Linnen to *Fanchurch-ſtreet*, by the way was overtook by a Female Nipper, who told him ſhe was juſt come from his Mother, with orders to buy him a Cock in Leaden-Hall Market upon which, giving him a halt-penny worth of Ginger-Bread, ſhe 'tic'd him a long to the Great Gate that leads to the Shambles, where (it being dark) ſhe not only took from him the Bundle of Cloaths, but likewiſe ſtripp'd him of all his upper tire; and ſo, thruſting among the croud, left him, bawling more for his Patience (the Linnen being wrapt up in the old Ballad of Patient *Griſſel*) than he did for the Loſs of all the reſt. But what added ſomething more to the Tragedy of this matter is, The Cloaths were the whole Ward-robe of a certain Cynical Philoſopher, who, never having more that one change, next day was forc'd to borrow from as many Friends, as a Cockney doth when he takes a Journey.

E. S. E. Feb. 24. Paſt 12 at Night, a Female *Fireſhip*, Sailing along the Coaſt of *Barbican*, accidentally fell foul on a *Dutch-caper*, they preſently grappling together, juſt as the *Caper* was Mounting his *Middle Teer Gun*, a clear Light, as it were *Cynthia* in her Luſtre, broke forth from behind a dark cloud, [or rather from out of a little Hovel] diſcovering a *flota* of Watchful, well-mann'd, Nocturnal *Myrmidons*, with their *Tenders*, who preſently put our *Coaſters* to the Scamper; the *Caper* to the *windward*, and the *Fireſhip* to the *Lee-ward*, who being haſtily purſu'd, after a little Skirmiſh, in which was loſt her *Top-ſail* and upper *Rigging*, ſhe was *Tow'd* along to the *Haven* of *Repentance*, ſecur'd by the *Fortreſs* of *Induſtry* in the *Land* of *Juſtice*.

Spittle-

Spittle-fields, Feb. 24. A young *Ruſtick* lately Crept from his *Country Cell*, to learn the Art of *Shuttle-driving*, wanting ſome *Traddle-work* to imploy his feet, rather than to ſit ſtarving in his *Loom*, this day obtained Leave to foot it to the 'change to view the Rarities there; but ſcarce had he taken a Turn, ere a ragged fellow (a right *Bumpkin-biter*) thus Saluted him, *Maſter, I am a very poor man that have been long out of Imploy, and now have an earneſt occaſion to viſit ſome Friends in the Country, which I am very unwilling to do in this courſe dreſs; therefore muſt raiſe a ready penny. I have here a Choice* Gold-Ring, *which I will uſe you very kindly for, if you pleaſe to Buy*; the price is *but* Twenty, *tho' it coſt me* Thirty Shillings. The Tony, looking on it, told him it was too dear; when at the ſame time a genteel perſon (*Sweetner* to the *Sharper* aforeſaid) ruſhed by, who being call'd to, and ask'd his Judgment of that *Ring* valu'd it at *Twenty Six Shillings*. The *Quill-driver* wanting *Woof* to knit the Bargain, told him, *He could not buy it*. Quoth the Sharper, *I'll Exchange it for your Coat*. Which was quickly agreed to: our young *Warps-man* running as Joyfully home as tho he had found the *Philoſophers ſtone*. His Miſtriſs ask'd him, what was become of his Coat? *Oh!* (ſaid he) *I have rapp'd it for an excellent* Gold-Ring; *Worth 26 Shillings, twice the price of my Coat*, which he no ſooner gave into her Hand, but immediatly in a great Paſſion, ſhe ask'd where he had it, *at the 'Change* quoth he. *A Bad Change indeed*, ſaid ſhe, *a Good* Warm Coat *for a ſorry* Braſs Ring *that was never worth* Six-pence.

White-Fryers, Feb. 25. Here quarters an old Aſtrologick Sophiſter, who hoping to find himſelf Ale and Tobacco, by puzzling the intellects and beguiling the Fancies of the eaſie and credulous, has now ſat a full quarter of a Year (three times the Date of a Brood-Gooſe) hatching a moſt Strange and Wonderful Prædiction, which he hath partly borrowed out of the ſixty ſixth Page of Mother *Shipton*, and only waits to ſee it fulfilled before it be publiſhed, being a little jealous of his Prophetick Skill in this point, *viz.* Whether his Papers will turn to good account, or be converted into Band-boxes and Hat-caſes.

St. Giles's.

ONe walking in the Street the other Night,
Climb'd to a Lanthorn, to have ſtole the Light,
But taken in the manner, and deſcry'd,
By ſervant Maid, who looked out and cri'd,
Look here! Who's that which doth our Lanthorn handle
Nothing, ſaid he, *but only Snuff the Candle.*

An Invitation to a Wedding.

To all Strowlers, Mumpers, Priggers, Nippers, Grubbers, Oyſter-Girls, &c.

Tatterdemallions,

For your ſakes we have been importunately deſir'd to incert the following Invitation to the Wedding of *William Webſter* and *Elizabeth Caſtle*, at the *Fleet Priſon*, 2d of *March*, 1698.

SCarce was old *Hymen's* Hived ore
Ere *Cordon* ſweet Love to *Clores* bore;
And for their Gueſts, their welcome Gueſts, invite,
All ſorts of Perſons, both by Day and Night:
Old Muſty Cheeſe, Sprats, Oyſters Broken Meat,
With other Dainties, *you're welcom Sir to Eat.*
Some ſorts of Muſick charming with delights,
Feaſt you on theſe, or Feaſt you on your Pipes.
Good Liquors plenty, ſtrong Beer, *Nant's Brandy, Wine,*
Tent, Claret, Uſquebaugh, and Muſcadine
Both Sex likewiſe do rareſt Dancing Show
Like Hoggs in Armour; he Dreſt like a Beaux,
She in a Night-rayle tumbleth too and fro:
With many Antick Comedies they wed
To paſs the time all Day, and Night in Bed.

SATYR I.

On the State of Human Affairs.

DEſcend my *Muſe*, look on this *Worldly State*,
See *How*, and *wherefore* Men degenerate,
Out from the *Gades* up to the *Eaſtern Morn*,
Not *one* but holds his *Native State* forlorn.
The Comly *Striplings* wiſh it were their Chance,
For *Canis Diſtaff* to exchange their *Lance*,
Patch, Paint, Curle, Dreſs, ev'n all that ere, they can,
Oh Monſtrous ſtrange! To ſhrink below what's Man.
Fond *Canis* next diſlikes her *Priſtine State*,
Male Hardſhips can no ways her *Thoughts* abate;
By Sea, by Land, there's no ſuch *Drudgery*,
As She, poor Girl, Meets in her *Scullery*.
Nor *full* nor *faſting* can the *Chuff* take reſt,
Whilſt *Hoarded Gold* lies *Cankering* in his *Cheſt*;
He ſleeps but *once*, then dreams of *Burglary*,
Starts, Wakes, and caſts about his *Frighted Eye*;
Groaps round for Thieves in e'ry *Hole* and *Shade*,
A Silly *Mouſe* will make him cry for *Aid*.
The Sturdy *Plough-man* do's the *Seaman* ſee
In *Silken Robes* dangling below the Knee,
(Whom *Indian* Pillage has made fortunate)
And now do's loath his former *Country State*:
His *Ruſſet Garments* quite *diſpiſed* are,
Nor can he longer *Whiſtle* at the *Carr*;
But *ſells* his *Team*, and *Sentleth* to the *Deep*,
Sweet thought Imploy to ſuch as nere did *Creep*
From *Home*---But Oh! When *Boyſterous Billows* riſe
And *Thundering Cannons* ſeem to *rend* the *Skies*,
When *Angry Butters Whiſtle* in his *Ear*,
And *Death* and *Danger* are *approaching* near,
Agricola then Wiſhes home to *Go*;
Oh! *Happy Man* did'ſt thou thy *Bleſſings* know.

'Midſt all theſe *Stirs* of *diſcontented Striſe*,
O Let me lead an *Academick Life*;
Much let me *know*, yet let me ſtill be *free*,
From *Fond Conceits* of *Self Sufficiency*:
Let me want *Skill*, and wanting *ſeek* for *more*
Tho' *Rich*, or *Poor*, nere crave a greater *Store:*
Enver, ye *Monarchs*, with your *Proud Exceſs*,
At my *Low Sail*, but *Lofty Happineſs.*

Divertiſement.

LOſt in an ugly croſs-way call'd All-fours, *ſeven Guinneys, thirty Shillings in white money, a Watch, two Rings, a ſilver Tobacco-box, a ſet of Plate-buttons*, &c. *If any perſon can inform the Looſer how he may be reimburſed, let them give notice at the ſign of the Prodigal Son, a little beyond* Weeping-Croſs, *and he ſhall be gratifi'd for his pains with two and nine-pence in the Pound.*

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